

But Naah went into his log house at Mizpah, with a lighted torch. He was drunk. A heavy ball of fire against which he stumbled, fell against the door, and the candle ignited it. The fire spread fast. Naah yelled for help, but his family could not get him, although they could see him through wide cracks between the logs. They threw water into the building, but it did not help. Naah was so drunk he worked desperately in his fiery prison, trying to roll the bale away from the door, and to put out the flames he was calling on them. He was driven to a corner, and there slowly roasted.